

# The Diverting Post.

From Saturday Nov. 18, to Saturday Nov. 25. 1704.

## The Fable of the Rat and the Mouse.

**A**N old subtil Rat, and a cunning young Mouse,  
Us'd to meet very often at one certain House.  
Says the Rat to the Mouse, If we two can agree,  
I will make it much better for you and for me.  
'Tis done, says the Mouse, I shall gladly accord,  
Of your Friendships and Favours, I'm proud as a  
Lord:

Tho' I know it wou'd prove but a scurvy Disaster,  
If Puffs shou'd detect us in plund'ring her Master.  
Let that, crys the Rat, never trouble your Mind,  
But in all times of Danger, do you sink behind.  
You know I of late, with a Courage and Grace,  
In the height of your Fears, star'd the Cat in the  
Face:

But we ought to be careful at this time of Day,  
That the People we wrong, put no Snares in our way.  
For the cunning'st of Vermin in Traps may be taken,  
And one Day pay Sauce for their Cheese and their  
Bacon.

A Prologue spoke by Mr. Betterton at  
the New Theatre in Little Lincolns-  
Inn-Fields, to a new Farce made by  
Mr. Roe, called, *The Biter*.

**Y**OU, who in furious Factions take Delight,  
Know you are not to be regal'd to Night:  
These Scenes do no one sparing Blow afford,  
But Peace and Moderation is the Word:  
No Side nor Man on either side is hit;  
We single out no Courtier, Clown, or Cit;  
And if you're angry, 'tis all wrong; you're lit.  
Nor let the well-bred Man of Parts and Taste,  
Look sharp for Dainties at a Country Feast.  
Expect no sprightly Turns nor Language here;  
But rest contented with your homely Cheer:  
'Tis such as we cou'd get at Croydon Fair.  
Our Men of Mirth have never been at Court,  
Where Beaux and Bell's, and genteeler Wits resort;  
Biters indeed, and of the better sort.  
To bare Bombasting, we may chance pretend,  
Or by the Christian Name, to cheat a Friend.  
But to some happier Wit, we leave to tell  
Of those, who in the Biting most excel:  
For that great Work, old Bards shall rise again,  
And the Cecilian Maids renew their lofty Strain.  
Let not a Rival Writer stir up Spite  
In you, who judge of Comedy or Wit;  
For tho' fond Parents on their Off-spring dote,  
And e'ery Idiot Author loves the Brat he got;  
Yet ours gives freely up his petit piece,  
And swears that you may use it as you please:

Nay, shou'd you take his Drolling in good part,  
He owns this only as a youthful Start,  
And sets no Claim unto the Comick Art.  
So when keen Patriots pursue the Chace,  
The shifting States-man yields, and sues for Grace,  
And to preserve his Carcass, quits his place.

## A Riddle.

**N**O longer blame those on the Banks of Nile,  
If they adore the rav'nous Crocodile:  
Nor think those Indians mad, who worship Apes,  
Serpents, and Idols in such monstrous Shapes,  
Since all Mankind to me does Homage pay,  
More rav'nous far, and more deform'd than they.  
To me their purest Blood they sacrifice,  
Yet all they do, will ne'er my Rage suffice.  
Infants each Day within my Vaults expire,  
And Men oft perish by my Altar's Fire.  
All rough I am, and hideous to the Light,  
Yet Man in me has plac'd his chief Delight:  
Enough of me he thinks he ne'er can seize,  
And yet the less I am, the more I please.  
Calling my self deform'd, sure I mistake,  
Since I the chiefest part of Beauty make.  
But I, compos'd of Contradictions, am  
Th' Original of Impudence and Shame;  
'Tis I that kindle, and then quench the Flame.  
I feel the greatest Pleasure, greatest Pain;  
When closest cover'd, most expos'd to Rain.  
Of the most fertile, I'm the only Field,  
That bear the less, the oft'ner I am till'd.  
The last of Nature's wond'rous Works I am,  
Yet first in Pow'r, and wonderful in Frame:  
For tho' I seem but gentle, weak, and small,  
The Strongest yield, Stouteest before me fall;  
Of me th' Extreams none reach, tho' ne'er so tall.  
My only Friend, my greatest Grief, and Joy,  
Oft stabs me, and I him as oft destroy.  
Between the Herculean Pillars I am set,  
Where all Men have their Ne plus Ultra met.  
My Name is hid, as I am from your Eyes;  
If you ne'er find me out, I'll think you Wise.

## The Complaining Lover.

**F**ROWN not, my Dear; in what can I offend,  
That am your Lover, Servant, and your Friend?  
Why do you give me Hopes, then make me rave,  
And sev'n long sultry Summers tease your Slave?  
When one we find that proves too close and warm,  
Infection breeds, and does whole Kingdoms harm,  
Corrupts Mankind, a dang'rous Time creates,  
And plagues the Land with burning Heals and  
Sweats.



A Hymn to the HOG, by way of  
 Advertisement to those Gentlemen  
 who Bait Monsters at Giants-Hall;  
 being a Second Part to the Baiting  
 of the Monster.

Next time you Bait Monsters, make sure of a  
 (Dog,  
 A true English Mastiff, without Chain or Clog,  
 But for shame of the World, think no more of  
 (your Hog.)

The Politick Cits have smell'd out the Design,  
 They vow he's the Brood of the Gadarens Swine,  
 That the Devil did enter seventeen Ages ago,  
 And this makes him Grunt so like Hell you must know.  
 The Beast was by Satan Transform'd to a Beagle,  
 To Hunt down Ranew, Newman, Houbland, and

(Deagle;  
 But he open'd so wide, that he spoil'd the Design,  
 And discover'd himself to be Beelzebub's Swine.  
 The rest of the Hounds too perceiv'd by his Smell,  
 That foul ugly Monster was Litter'd in Hell,  
 Which made them turn Scent, and upon him they fell.  
 But a crafty old Huntsman, that stay'd near the

(Throne,  
 Diverted the Beagles by throwing a Bone,  
 And hinder'd the Chase of the Hog to go on.  
 Since that time, the Beast is become an old Boar,  
 Has added much Craft to much Fury before,  
 And for a like purpose, is still kept in store.  
 May some Guy of Warwick deliver the Land,  
 And to the Boar's Fury and Rage put a stand,  
 By giving his Head into Jack Ketch's Hand.

On Mrs. Waller, a young Lady, at  
 Northall Wells, in Hertfordshire.

Could I in Waller's Numbers, Waller praise,  
 Her Fame shou'd live in never-dying Lays.  
 Love in those Eyes so absolutely reigns,  
 We're Slaves by Choice, nor wish to quit our Chains.  
 Vain of our Wounds, and proud to be undone,  
 We wou'd not from the glorious Ruin run.  
 When she in time shall Sunderland out-shine,  
 She'll make this Place and all our Verse Divine.

A Blackamore Maid Wooing a Fair  
 Boy.

WHY, lovely Boy, why flyst thou me,  
 That languish in these Flames for thee?  
 I'm Black, 'tis true, why, so is Night,  
 And Love does in dark Shades delight.  
 The whole World, do but close thine Eye,  
 Will seem to thee as Black as I;  
 Or opt, and see what a Black Shade  
 Is by thine own fair Body made,  
 That follows thee where e'er you go,  
 O who allow'd, would not do so?  
 Let me for ever dwell so nigh,  
 And thou shalt need no other Shade than I.

The Boy's Answer to the Blackamore  
 Maid.

Black Maid, complain not that I fly,  
 Since Fate commands Antipathy:  
 Prodigious Might that Union prove,

Where Night and Day together move;  
 And the Conjunction of our Lips,  
 Not Kisses make, but an Eclipse;  
 In which the mixed Black and White  
 Pretend more Terror than Delight.  
 Yet, if my Shadow thou wilt be,  
 Enjoy the dearest Wish; but see  
 Thou take my Shadow's Property,  
 That hastes away when I come nigh;  
 Else stay 'till Death hath blinded me,  
 And then I will bequeath my self to thee.

We hear that Appartments are preparing at  
 St. James's for his Royal Highness, William  
 Frederick, Prince of Prussia, and Grandson to  
 the Princess Sophia, who accompanies his  
 Grace the Duke of Marlborough to England.  
 Several German Princes, and Masters Eminent  
 for Vocal and Instrumental Musick, attend  
 his Royal Highness to this Kingdom.

Last Wednesday the 22d Instant, being St.  
 Cecilia's Day, at Winchester, was performed a  
 Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick,  
 compos'd by Mr. Valentine Richardson, Orga-  
 nist there. Mr. John Shore, the Famous Trum-  
 peter, and Mr. Elford, were sent for down by  
 the Gentlemen of the Country. The whole  
 Performance was very satisfactory, and recei-  
 ved with the general Applause of the Audi-  
 ence.

This Day at the Theatre in Little Lincolns-  
 Inn-Fields, by the Desire of several Persons of  
 Quality, is represented the Tragedy of Othello  
 Moore of Venice. The Part of Othello acted  
 by Mr. Betterton.

At the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, will  
 be also acted a Play, called, Henry the Fourth,  
 with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff. The  
 Part of Sir John Falstaff, is to be played by  
 Mr. Estcourt.

There is now setting to Musick an Ode up-  
 on the Great Success of her Majesty's Forces by  
 Land and Sea, by two Eminent Masters.  
 This Entertainment will be ready about the  
 time that the Prince Royal of Prussia, and his  
 Grace the Duke of Marlborough, arrive here  
 from Holland.

## Advertisements.

\*†\* Wilder's Mock-Trumpets, which have been  
 so well approv'd of by the greatest Musick-Ma-  
 sters in England, and allow'd to imitate the Real  
 Trumpet almost to Perfection, are Sold at most  
 Musick-shops in London.

The said Wilder does every Day, from 9 'till 11  
 of the Clock in the Morning, teach (several Gen-  
 tlemen to sound first and second Trebles by Book  
 so exact, that it is difficult to distinguish them  
 from real Trumpets) privately at his own Lodgings  
 at the Golden Horse-Shoe in Blew Ball Court, in  
 Salisbury-Square, Fleet-Street, where any Musick-shop  
 in England may be furnished with Mock-Trum-  
 pets Wholesale very reasonably.

\*†\* Friday next, being the 1st of Dec. will be  
 sold a Choice Collection of Vocal and Instrumen-  
 tal Musick in Italian, French, and English, Com-  
 pos'd by several Great Masters, (the Italian Mu-  
 sick being most of them Originals) with a Cato-  
 logue given Gratis; in which are the lowest Prizes  
 of every Book and Set. This being the Collection  
 of a Great Master, who has left the Land. They  
 are dispos'd of by Henry Playford, at his Shop in  
 the Temple Exchange, Fleet-Street.

\*†\* On the same Day will be Published Apollo's  
 Feast; or Wit's Entertainment, the second Edition.  
 Sold by B. Bragg: Price Bound 1s. 6d.